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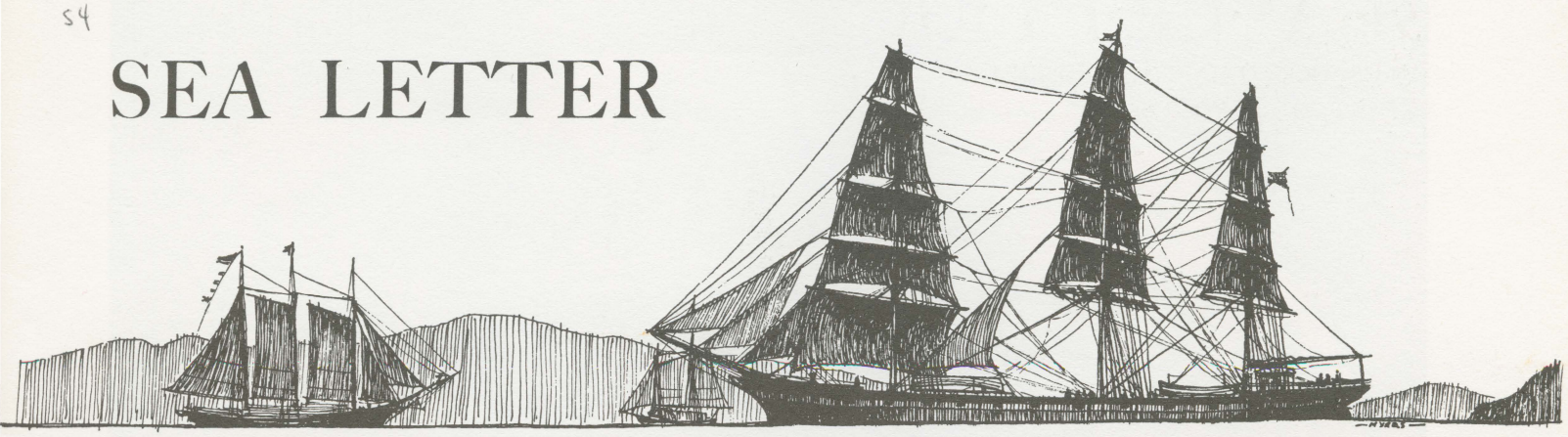
SEA LETTER



OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM / *Spring 1975*

MARINE ARTS EXHIBITION

The San Francisco Maritime Museum is proud to hold a major exhibition of traditional marine art which will include previously unexhibited work by three contemporary masters of sea art.

A special benefit opening for Museum members and friends will be held from 5:30 to 8:00, Thursday, April 24. Thereafter the show will be open to the public during Museum hours daily through Sunday, May 4. During its run the exhibition will occupy the central area of the Museum's main floor, and will include some three dozen examples of: paintings by John Stobart; models by George Karitianos; scrimshaw by William Gilkerson.

These men practice different arts, but each is widely recognized as a leading exponent in his field. The Museum is fortunate that they are all at this time dwelling in or near the Bay Area, and all have enough previously undisplayed work on hand with which to form this unusual exhibit—unusual in that this is probably the first time that leading contemporary practitioners of the three arts have displayed their work in one show.

John Stobart's marine paintings hang in major private collections and museums in this country, Canada and his native England. One of his major pieces is in the permanent collection of the National Maritime Museum of Greenwich. His works have been reproduced as collectors' prints and in innumerable publications, most recently in American Heritage, which last August printed a 12-page portfolio of his work.

The 15 miniature ships which represent George Karitianos' entire production of models during the last 25 years stand with or above the finest examples of their kind anywhere. He is dean of the San Francisco Bay Area chapter of the Nautical Research Guild.

William Gilkerson's scrimshaw has elevated the art the whalemen began into previously unexplored levels of subtlety. His work has been widely displayed in publications and institutions, and was chosen by the National Geographic Society to represent contemporary scrimshaw in its new major publication, The Craftsman in America. Gilkerson is the author of The Scrimshander, a book just released which traces the history of scrimshaw from its beginnings through the present.

This Sea Letter is devoted to interviews with these artists in their studios by William Henry MacHendrick.

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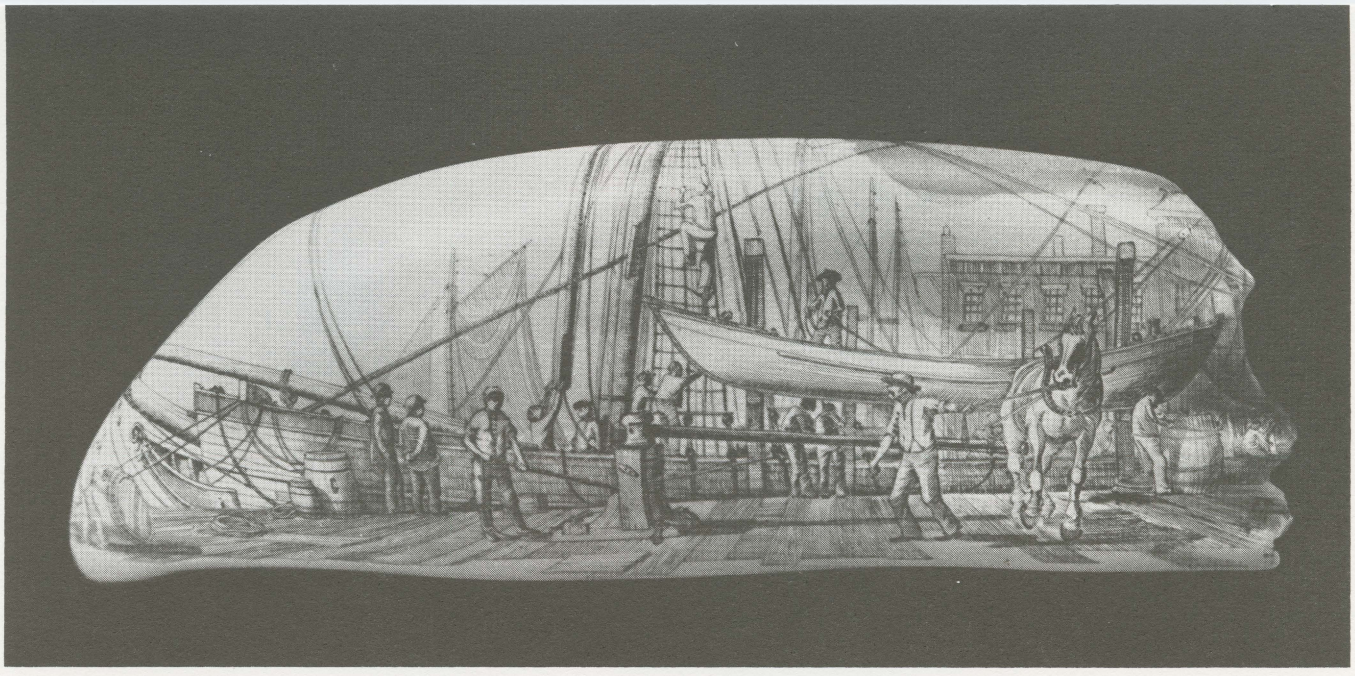


Whaler outfitting for voyage at a San Francisco Wharf in 1885.

William Gilkerson's scrimshaw was the subject of a previous exhibit at the San Francisco Maritime Museum. In 1973 the Museum's main floor held some 60 of his miniature masterpieces in ivory. At that time he had already attained a rare level of accomplishment in his art.

Since then he has worked steadily, refining his engraving into ever new subtlety. He has also become a student of the history of the scrimshaw art, authoring a book on the subject, The Shrimshander, just released by Troubador Press of San Francisco. It is a handsome book, in text and pictures tracing scrimshaw's history from its beginnings through the present time, with notes on tools and techniques, a photographic portfolio of Gilkerson's work, and an introduction by Maritime Museum Director Karl Kortum.

One of the points discussed in The Scrimshander is that scrimshaw is an endangered art form, because the sperm whale, whose ivory provides the main material for scrimshaw, is an endangered species. National legislation has banned the importation of whale products, forbidden the sale across state lines of existing stocks, and local legislation has forbidden sale of the material within California.

In his book, Gilkerson makes an intelligent case for an amendment to these laws to permit free commerce in existing stocks of whale ivory, thereby allowing scrimshaw's survival, at least for awhile. However, he is obviously in sympathy with our cousins, the whales, and with the necessity for laws banning the taking or importing of fresh whale products, thereby discouraging the continued mass slaughter of the big cetaceans.

While his book deals candidly with these matters and seems to answer all the questions posed by both sides in the controversy, it leaves one question about Gilkerson himself unanswered: how does he—the scrimshander—propose to continue his art with no more legal supplies of whale ivory available?

For an answer to this, let us visit him in his secluded workshop in a Mendocino redwood forest. (A few years ago he damaged his back, "just south of Point Arena, while hoisting a tops'l" severely enough to cause him to retire to the woods, away from sailing.)

He enters his workshop staggering under a huge armload of firewood. His back has healed, but he complains the Mendocino damp has given him a constant cold which goes away only when replaced by something worse, such as the flu, a fever, ear infection, etc.

He drops the wood by the stove, sneezes rapidly several times, then begins splitting the wood into smaller pieces which will burn better.

Outside is the drip of the mighty rain forest. Inside is the drip of the Gilkerson nose. The fire crackles. A cat is draped over a nearby chair like a piece of limp spaghetti. At the other end of the workbench a small boy sands busily on ivory, handpolishing it to perfection, ready to be engraved. Gilkerson sends dark glances his way from time to time, and at these moments the polishing increases in tempo.

Does he still obtain whale's teeth?

"Rarely. From time to time one shows up here and there, and then I obtain it if it's possible to swap for it or something. The last one I got was a beauty. Turned up amongst a pile of seashells in an old house bought by some folks I know. I was so happy I put it under my pillow."

Does he still sell his work?

"When it's possible to do so without getting into any trouble. I have respect for the law, and fortunately I can still stay within it and sell my work under certain circumstances."

What would those be?

"I have lately taken to engraving walrus and elephant

ivory. Those materials are yet legal. And I am still permitted to accept a fee for my services engraving a whale's tooth provided I do not sell the tooth itself. Of those collectors who are interest in my work, many own raw teeth and furnish me the piece to engrave, so the tooth never changes ownership. My legal advice is that this procedure is acceptable under the law."

For this reason, and because Gilkerson spends so much time on each piece, he does not use any great quantity of ivory. He has only a small reserve supply, but even if this is unreplenished he has enough with which to keep working for several years. Also, he is turning his hand increasingly to water colors and drawings. He plans a show of these in Salem, Mass., next year, and there are also a lot of pictures to be done for a book of marine illustrations and paintings on which he is working in collaboration with John Stobart.

Like Stobart, Gilkerson was born far from the ocean. The place of his birth was Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He was raised there and in Tennessee and Missouri.

"From boyhood I loved ships. I read everything about them I could get my hands on. I have a vivid memory of sitting in singing class in the sixth grade in St. Louis. There was a song with a line that went:

Thinking of great ships that sail
O'er the hurricane and gale . . .

Well, I did. And I've kept thinking about them ever since. And once when I was in the middle of a gale in the North Sea, with ice all over the place, and all the sails blown out, and a broken tiller, and no motor, then I thought about that warm schoolroom back in St. Louis."

An incident from this storm is the subject depicted on a piece of the scrimshaw which Gilkerson will include with his display in the Exhibition. Another is a piece provided by the Museum and engraved by Gilkerson for its permanent collection; "a magnum opus," Gilkerson calls it.

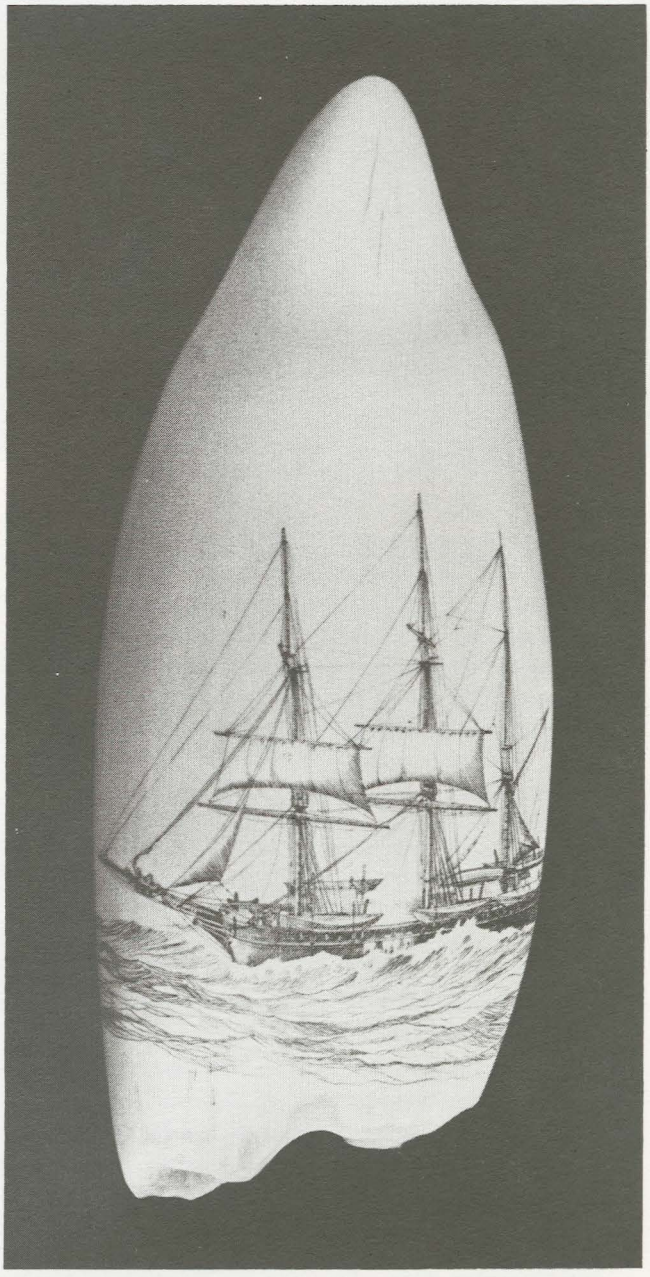
The tooth is a grand eight inches in length, and within these spacious limits a whaler is fitting out at a San Francisco wharf of the 1880's. A cooper throws a hoop over the staves of a barrel he is assembling, supplies are being loaded, and everywhere riggers swarm. On the dock a portable capstan is being turned by a plodding horse, and from it a line leads through a snatch block at the fore chains, then to the topmast cap, from whence it is hoisting a t'gallant mast into position. The activity is watched by a tiny, fat captain, and a prosperous ship owner. In the background are other vessels and buildings. Some 26 figures bustle through the tiny composition, all accurately costumed and anatomically correct.

Gilkerson first went to sea at age 14, shipping as a deckboy on a Norweigan freighter sailing from New Orleans. Later, he sailed on a succession of sailing yachts, here and in Europe.

Through the redwood forest can be heard the moan of a whistle buoy, just audible a mile inland. Gilkerson gazes wistfully out the window into the trees, a bearded man amongst his ships—plans of ships, books of ships, thoughts of ships and engraving of ships—ships and mounting piles of used Kleenex.

Will he return to sea?

"I dream of the sea. I yearn for it. Maybe I will." A sneeze. "At least on a boat it would be drier than here."



Whaler in Antarctic seas, beating into the teeth of a gale with double reefed tops'ls.

"Some like pictures of women, and some likes 'orses best,
But I like pictures of ships, by gum, and you can keep the rest.
And I don't care if it's North or South, the Trades or the China Sea,
Shortened down or everything set, close-hauled or running free;
But paint me a ship as is like a ship and that'll do for me."

With apologies to Cicely Fox-Smith

We find marine artist John Stobart at his easel, where he keeps office hours. Today he is brushing furiously at billows of thick smoke emitting from a Mississippi River steamboat, which is a departure from his usual theme, sailing ships.

"Look at the white steam coming out amongst all the black," he says, pointing with his brush. "That's very accurate, actually. Look." He plonks his bristle brush into the can of turpentine by his palette and begins looking through piles of papers strewn next to his chair. These include vintage photography which he uses for source material, but there are also clippings, bills, catalogues of his previous exhibits, lists and odds and ends of correspondence. Also lying around in a jumble are rags, a can of thinner on its side, and everywhere rolls, stacks, tubes and boxes of books and papers. There is an empty cardboard box for visitors to sit on, with its top munched in slightly.

The studio is in the otherwise tidy Haslett Warehouse building. Stobart's windows face north, where the historic ships at Hyde Street Pier roll gently at their lines. Beyond, a cargo ship slides past Alcatraz, bound out the Gate.

"Ah, here it is," says Stobart, pulling an ancient photograph of a steamer from the mass of papers. "There, look at that. White steam. Interesting, isn't it?" He immediately picks up his brush and begins daubing again. "I was hoping to finish this picture in time for the show coming up, but I don't think I'm going to make it."

The steamboat picture will show the port of New Orleans in the background and will fall into a series of paintings of ships and cities "during the zenith of their importance in the era of American merchant sail," an ongoing project since he came to this country from England ten years ago. Others in the series have included Savannah, Nantucket, New Bedford, Cincinnati (another riverboat painting), a number of New York, and most recently, San Francisco.

"Wow! My sky is looking great here." Bright-eyed and peppy, somehow like an elf, Stobart seems always to have several things going at once, and as the interview goes on, he continues to paint. Further evidence of this tendency toward simultaneous activity in progress, piles of canvases lean against the walls of the studio. Among them are some finished works, including a few of San Francisco—Stobart says it was his inspiration to paint this port that brought him here (with wife and three children) last fall. "Primarily I was interested in doing the Gold Rush harbor scene, and helping the Maritime Museum recover the VICAR OF BRAY."

The VICAR still exists, a lonely hulk in the Falkland Islands, and it is Maritime Museum Director Karl Kortum's ongoing project to retrieve her remains for display in San Francisco, which she did visit in 1849, probably looking very much as depicted in the Stobart painting. It is a late afternoon scene, with warm reflections of subtle pinks and yellows in her sails, all of which are set, drying.

The large painting hangs completed on the studio wall with a light over it. The light is crooked, but the painting is a magnificent illustration of the ship VICAR OF BRAY. The scene depicted is now at the corner of Clay and Sansome, but during the gold rush was in Yerba Buena Cove. The view is facing north with Telegraph Hill on the extreme left, and the NIANTIC, a beached hulk serving as a tavern, at the lower left.

Stobart gesticulates with his brush. "I've got everything in there except the kitchen sink and if the painting wasn't finished I'd put that in too." The picture swarms with detail and activity. Lighters lie alongside the central ship, loading. In the foreground are wharves with small craft, barrels, pushcarts, sacks, lumber, boxes, people, horses . . . "the lot," says Stobart, swiveling back and forth in his swivel chair, speaking of the hazards of being a marine painter.

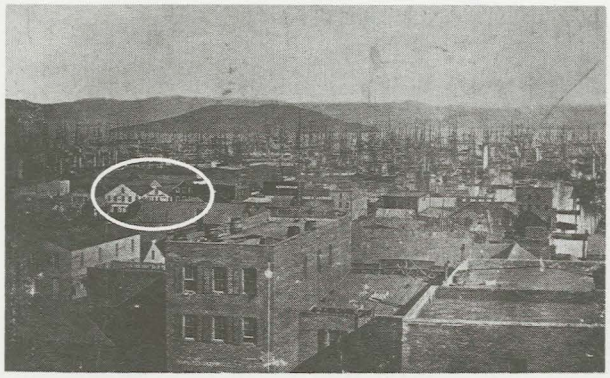
In the background are the masts of scores of vessels, and also a side wheel steamer, THE SENATOR. "Originally that was the steamer NEW WORLD which came here 'round the Horn. I had her all painted in, then the librarian from the Museum came over and pointed out that NEW WORLD didn't arrive here until some months after the VICAR. That meant I had to take out the whole bloody thing."

Thus the burden of the historical illustrator. Not only must Stobart be thoroughly conversant with details of hull and rigging of many kinds of ships (like the other two

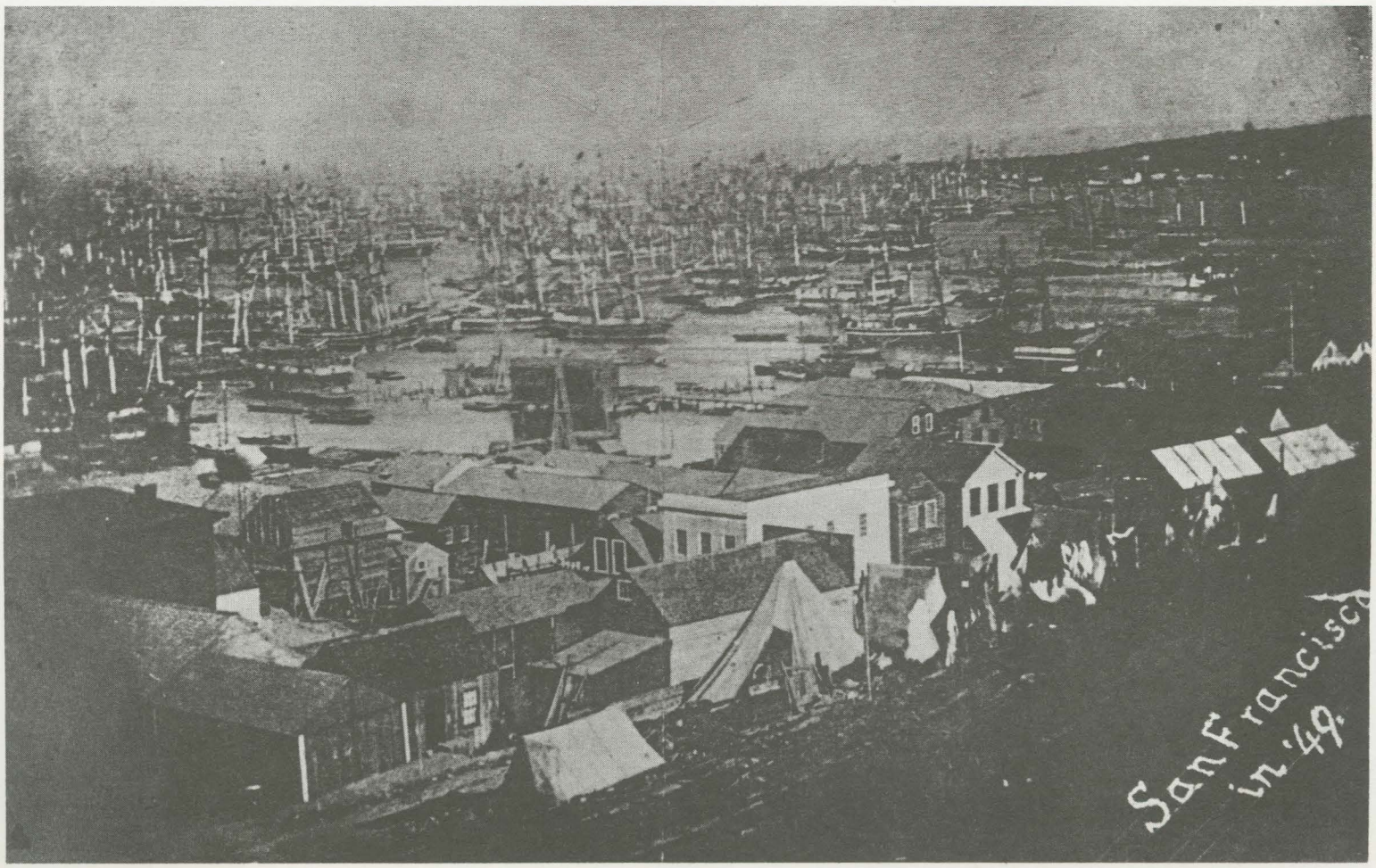
VICAR OF BRAY arriving in Yerba Buena Cove in 1849. Stobart's meticulous research is nowhere more evident than in this painting. Working from early photographs of the harbor such as the one on the reverse of this page and from other documentation provided by the Maritime Museum, Stobart has reconstructed a dramatic backdrop for the arrival of the VICAR on November 3, 1849. NIANTIC and GENERAL HARRISON have just been completed as storeships, and lie along the Clay Street Wharf. In the middle background, one can discern little KANGAROO, a steam screw utility ship that in a few months was to provide the first scheduled ferry service on the Bay. In the left background lies the paddle wheel steamer SENATOR, which arrived in San Francisco on October 27 and promptly was pressed into service on the run to Sacramento.

This earliest known photograph of San Francisco was taken in late 1849, probably within a month of the arrival of VICAR OF BRAY. The view is from Montgomery Street, near Broadway, looking south toward Rincon Point. The Museum has been able to place and date the photograph by careful examination of other contemporary photographs and by a review of San Francisco newspapers of the day, particularly Alta California. For example, in the upper right is a vessel housed over for service as a warehouse. This is probably the ship APOLLO which arrived September 18, 1849 and was advertised as a storeship "lying off the Long Wharf" January 4, 1850. Long Wharf, an extension of Commercial Street, was started in July, 1849 and at the time of this picture does not extend out far enough to be visible.

The two peaked roof buildings to be seen at the far right stood on Sansome Street between Washington and Jackson. They are features of the more familiar two section "forest of masts" daguerreotype taken in late 1850 or early 1851 which we show below. This was long considered the earliest photographic view of San Francisco.



Ralph H. Cross Collection, California Historical Society.



artists interviewed in these pages) but also must be knowledgeable in an infinite variety of minutiae—the proper number of hoops on barrels, the harness and construction of horse carts and wagons, costuming, architecture, and all the bits necessary to recreate a particular place which has since been entirely obliterated by the changes of time.

Stobart was born in the middle of England. "Aren't marine artists supposed to be born in a lifeboat?" he asks.

How did he become interested in ships? What were his beginnings? He plunges the brush back into the can and is instantly up and rummaging amongst piles of things. "I have a number of magazine articles around here somewhere which tell all that," he says. While he looks, the questioning continues, and he speaks of his early years.

"My father's family was from Liverpool, and my mother's was from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and as a boy I used to be taken to those places to visit with family." It was there he received his exposure to the shipping which so captivated him and ultimately led into his present career. He recalls being fascinated with the vessels in the Mersey, and riding the ferryboat, where he would buy a one-way ticket and then ride back and forth all day by hiding in the Ladies' Room during docking inspections.

By university age, he was ready to paint, and attended the Derby College of Arts, from which he emerged four years later with a diploma and scholarship to the Royal Academy. After his studies there, he traveled, always painting ships.

"When I left the Royal Academy I vowed to make my living painting. Most of my fellow students were going to teach, that being the only way they figured they could make it, I suppose. But I was determined I'd either make it painting or sell insurance or something." He pauses in his rummaging for a moment. "I *could* sell insurance," he reflects.

However, there is no question about Stobart's having accomplished at least that part of his purpose. After a period from the mid-50s through the mid-60s painting "glamorous ships for shipowners in colorful foreign settings, most of which were printed in calendars," Stobart came to this country, immediately receiving even wider recognition than in England, and was given a series of shows at the Kennedy Galleries in New York, his agents still. He projects another show there in November, and the canvases will range from $3,000 to $15,000 each.

"Ah, here they are," he exclaims, dragging out some magazines with articles about himself. "You take these. They'll tell you everything."

Other San Francisco painting to appear in the upcoming show at the Maritime Museum include a view of the Vallejo Street wharf as it appeared in 1863. The scene is at night. The cobbles and boards of the wharf glisten wetly from a recent shower, and the lights from a saloon dimly illuminate the features of a square-rigger.

In another, BALCULTHA charges into the Gate past Mile Rock as her crew begins to get canvas off her.

"Now let me tell you something about that painting that was a real nuisance," he says, his nose wrinkling. "I painted this with Mile Rock Light perched on the rock there to starboard of the ship. Had it all worked out. Good composition, ship looking snappy with her white gunstrip and painted black ports, everything OK. Then along comes Kortum and tells me I've either got to take out the lighthouse or give the ship an entirely black hull, because when she had her gunstripe there was no lighthouse, and when there was a lighthouse, she was in the Alaska Packers' fleet and all black."

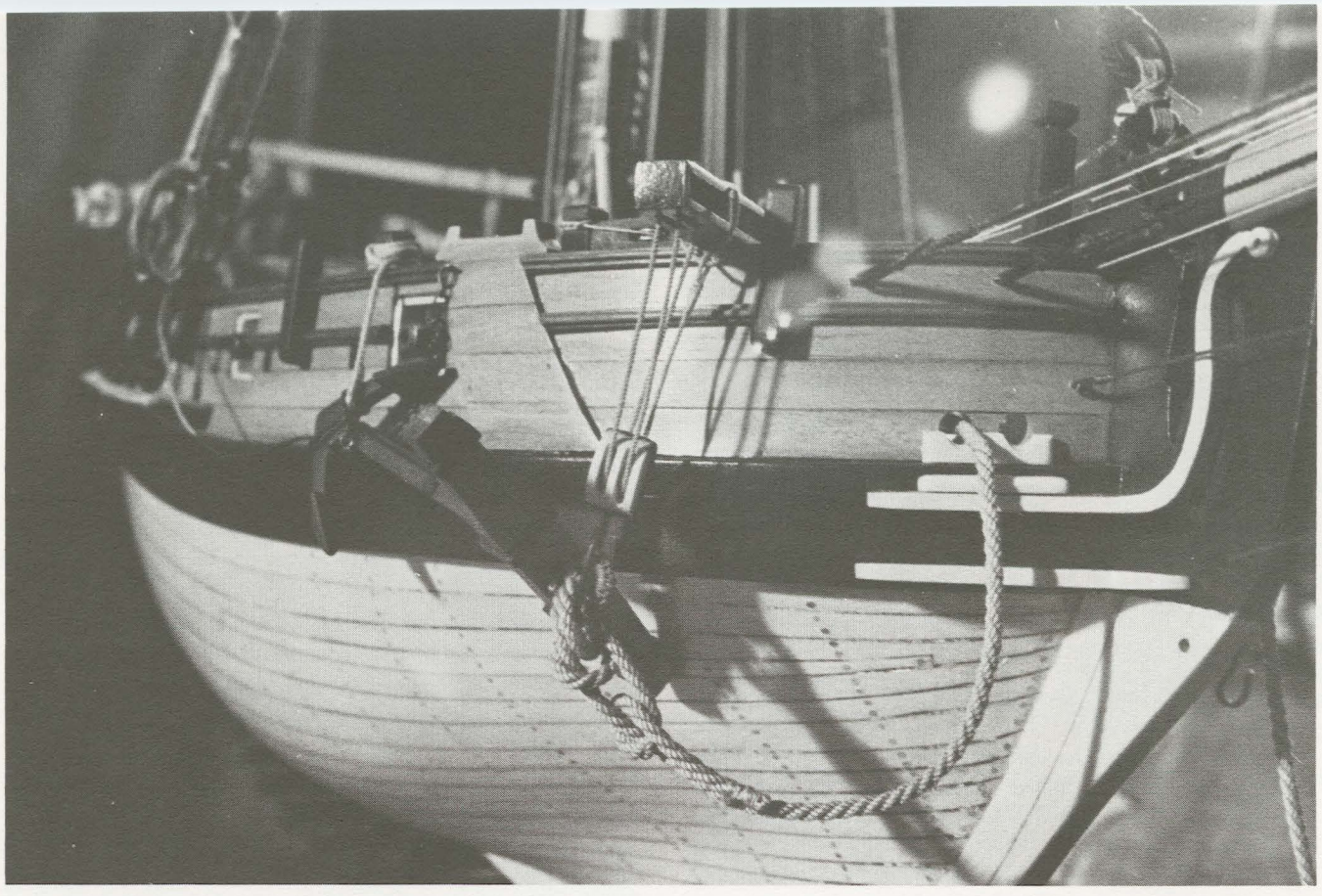
He broods for a moment, then stabs testily with the brush in the direction of BALCLUTHA, still with her ports, but without lighthouse. Instead, a small vessel outward bound fills the composition. "They were really dummies for painting her black, don't you think? She looks so nice with those ports."

What would the date of the scene be, then?

"What? The date?" He's up again, turning this way and that. "I'll check. I forget. Now where would it be? That's the blasted nuisance. Dates. It seems like it's not enough to have to paint these things and get them all accurate and all, what with gunports and lighthouses and everything, but then you've got to remember all these dates as well."

He is urged to sit back down. The date is not worth another search. He does so. "My real interest still is, and always has been, the atmospherics. Light. The interplay of objects. Details. A ship really shows when it's surrounded by port scenes that tell a story. Except for Robert Salmon and Fitzhugh Lane, nobody painted these vessels in their settings. It's only since the Impressionists that marine art in this country has loosened up. In their day these ships were as common as busses are now. You saw them all the time, and they were no big deal. If suddenly, busses disappeared, there would be a wave of nostalgia and people would paint busses."

He rocks back in his swivel chair, vigorously rubs his stomach, and grins. "That smoke is rather pleasing, don't you think? Steamboats are nice. Can't compare with sailing ships, of course, but they have their own charm. Rich smoke, full of movement." A sudden thought strikes him. Ploosh, back goes the brush into the can, and Stobart is up again. "I've got a wonderful old photograph you must see. I've gotten a great idea from it. I think it's here somewhere . . ."



A photograph is a model's severest test . . . here the FERRET passes with flying colors. Essentially the criterion is whether the model looks more like a ship than a ship model in close-up views.

The shipyard operated single-handed by George Karitianos is a peaceful place, where no ringing caulking irons, grinding winches or pounding mallets interfere with the evening television program, viewed by Karitianos's family a table's length away from the site where timbers, plants, fittings and rigging are being fabricated.

The yard is in a basement den in Daly City, and the vessels—from yachts to mighty square riggers—will never float, although they are of impressive size in basement scale. They are as meticulously constructed as the originals of their kind, in most cases take longer to build than the originals, but are built to spend their lives behind glass.

Builder Karitianos is a master modelist, and dean of San Francisco's active Bay Area chapter of the Nautical Research Guild. He is a native San Franciscan and a yachtsman whose model-building career began at age 10, when his parents bought him a chunk of balsa wood.

"I immediately started whacking away at it and made a boat." Tiny ships remained his consuming interest, and over the years he has developed his techniques and artistry in this demanding miniature medium to the point where his work today equals or betters the prize models of the world's greatest model collections.

His total production over the past 25 years has been approximately 15 models. Of these, five will be on display at the forthcoming exhibit of marine arts at the Museum. These will include models of H.M.S. BOUNTY, of mutiny fame; COPPERHEAD, a 1939 Rhodes yawl; FERRET, an English armed cutter of the early 1700's; a Mediterranean war galley, circa 1750; and a model in progress, PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL, an American privateer of The War of 1812.

All of these very different types of craft have in common a meticulous attention to detail that is next to microscopic. Tiny tackle blocks actually work; the fastenings in planks are individually driven, in proportion, and are all there. In the hull of the galley there are 7000 of them. "And I don't know how many more in the decks," he adds, "I stopped counting."

The Karitianos approach to the hulls of these models has been to set up moulds and plank them, strake by strake, pinning each in place. Then, in the case of BOUNTY, FERRET and PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL, the copper sheathing has been attached over the strakes. BOUNTY alone has some 1000 individual copper plates on her bottom, fastened by some 30,000 pins. This model is 34 inches in length. The models are built on a scale of ¼ inch to the foot.

All the cables and the lines in the rigging system, standing and running, are handspun to exact scale on a miniature ropewalk suspended from the ceiling of the workshop. With

this device, made from odds and ends of gearing and sewing machine parts, Karitianos spins the 24 sizes of line needed to give him a complete range within the limitations of his scale.

Running rigging is three-strand, right-hand lay; standing rigging is four-strand, left-hand lay with a heart rope. All is made from the finest cotton thread obtainable, the thinness of human hair.

Karitianos has accumulated a treasury of special woods which provide the effects he needs; ebony for deadeyes and other black fittings (neater and more lustrous than paint); boxwood for deck fittings; pearwood for planking; da gama or lancewood for spars; bass and sugarpine for hull. The regulation orange British navy gunstripes of BOUNTY and FERRET are of Guam sandalwood, which is the correct color, but with a translucent glow, richer than any paint.

PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL is a work in progress, and its deck planking is as yet clear of furniture, so the fine patterns of slightly differently hued basswood planks may be seen as a mosaic, a work of art in its own right. This is the Karitianos touch—artistry plus craftsmanship; a combination which elevates his work into the sublime.

The question he is asked again and again: how much time does it take him to build a model? That depends on what model. BOUNTY took eight years ("minus the time it took me to build my workroom here in the basement, and minus the time it took to build a 20-foot sailboat."). FERRET, with less furniture, plating and complexity of rigging took two years, as did COPPERHEAD.

The latter presented special problems. COPPERHEAD is an exact model of a 50-foot yawl which may be seen today on San Francisco Bay, and to her decks and rigging are attached the many bright metal fittings which one would expect to find on a contemporary ocean cruiser-racer.

"Simulating all those fittings is a problem for me," says Karitianos, "because I would rather work with wood, and so I do." The finished work, tiny winches, ventilators, stanchions, collars, straps, etc., look like steel or bronze, but are in fact wood, shaved to seemingly infinite thinness in some places, then given a metal finish.

"Still, I didn't want the metal parts looking chromed, or the model begins to look a bit like a toy, so I dulled them down by burnishing the final finish."

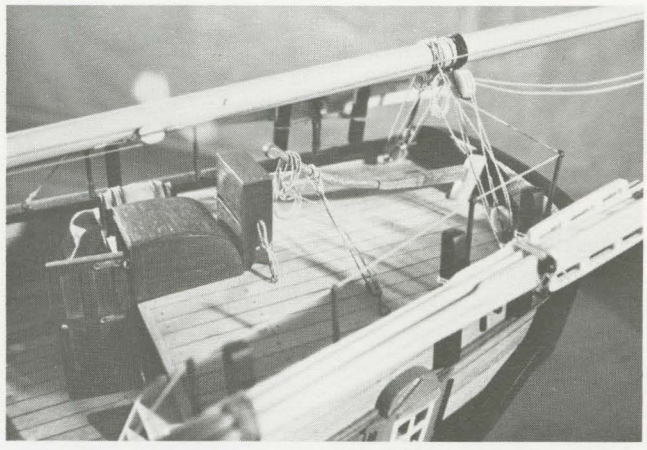
And what are the special problems presented by the older vessels? A shrug. "Not many. I think the toughest job on any of them was building the headrails on BOUNTY. They were all compound curves and of course had to fit exactly."

How many of these went into the wastebasket before he got them right?

"Oh, none. I got them all right on the first shot. I was very lucky."

The biggest problem with BOUNTY happened when it was knocked to the floor by a small daughter and smashed. Karitianos smiles at the recollection. "But even that was not a real problem. I just rebuilt the damaged area."

The jeers, or hoisting tackle, for the square yard are shown in this photograph along with stays and shrouds as they seat on the trestle trees. Karitianos has his own miniature rope walk and has laid up standing and running rigging for his model in 24 different sizes.



Oars, or, more properly, "sweeps," to row the vessel in a calm are lashed on either side of the quarterdeck. The three slots (far right) are the space between the handhold affixed to the sweeps, and the sweep itself. A "quarter badge," or window into the captain's quarters is located at the bottom of the picture.

SEA LETTER

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KNOW YOUR MUSEUM

One of the great strengths of the Maritime Museum is its fine photographic collection, now numbering some 125,000 glass plates, film negatives and prints. This archive is easily the largest of its kind in the west and covers the subject of West Coast maritime activity geographically, from Santa Rosalia, Mexico to the Bering Sea, Alaska, and in time, from the Gold Rush to World War II.

While the material covered by the archive is as broad as the subject of West Coast shipping itself, within it a number of great individual collections stand out as unique in the quality and thorough coverage of their particular subjects. Notable among these is the Proctor Collection, "Wharf and Wave," containing 15 large volumes of carefully identified and indexed photographs of the San Francisco Bay waterfront and its local and deep water vessels.

The Fireman's Fund Collection is composed of excellent glass plates of deep water vessels of the 1870's and 1880's, but the largest single group of sailing ship photographs in the collection is depicted in the Morrison and Plummer/Beaton negatives which were taken from tugs off Cape Flattery around the turn of the century.

Unique to the Museum are the marvellous photographs of the interiors of the captain's quarters of British sailing ships which are in the Hester Collection. Another highlight is the scenes of San Francisco Bay yachting in the last few decades of the nineteenth century and the first two decades of the twentieth which are so righly depicted in the photographs given to us by J. Porter Shaw.

Matilda Dring, photograph archivist, and Danee McFarr, assistant archivist, spend ninety-five percent of their time servicing the requests for photographs that come in from all over the world. As knowledge of the wealth of the collection has spread, the number of queries has increased dramatically. A current sampling of those in process as this Sea Letter goes to press shows requests from seven states and six foreign countries.

The burden of this daily load has made it almost impossible to keep up with the basic work of cataloguing and cross-indexing new photographs as they come in. Unlike a business, which usually generates more profits as the quality of product becomes more widely known, a museum which services its public with a good product sometimes finds that the available time and funds are stretched farther and farther. Unfortunately, this has been the case with the Maritime Museum, but the staff is proud that the credit line "courtesy, San Francisco Maritime Museum" is increasingly seen under photographs in books and periodicals both in this country and in Europe.

CLEANING OUT YOUR GEAR LOCKER?

The Museum has many continuing needs; listed below are a few things that we could use. If you can help us out with any of these items (in good and working condition), it will help us conserve hard to get funds.

Curatorial (contact Harlan Soeten)
- Band saw—12" or larger (for use in Museum shop)

Library (contact David Hull)
- 2 Hamilton map cabinets
- 1 typewriter table, portable
- 1 typewriter, electric, preferably IBM

Administration (contact Sarah Nome)
- 2 IBM typewriters, Executive or Selectric

BALCLUTHA (contact Jim Williams)
- Air Compressor; approximately 75CFM, gas or electric power, wheel mount preferably but not necessary
  - —Needle gun
  - —Air Hose, 200+ feet would be needed, ¾ in.dia. preferable
- Wood Lathe, approximately 20—30 in. stock, approximately 8 in. dia.
  - —appropriate electric motor
  - —associated attachments and turning tools